

THE
O D E S
OF

3H6

2

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

THE THIRD EDITION IMPROVED.

Carmina sola carent fato.

OVID.

LONDON:

Printed by and for J. BARKER, *Russell-Court, Drury-Lane,*
M DCC LXXXIV.

Where may be had,
Erasmus's Praise of Folly, with Holbeine's Cuts.

3

W. Musgrave.





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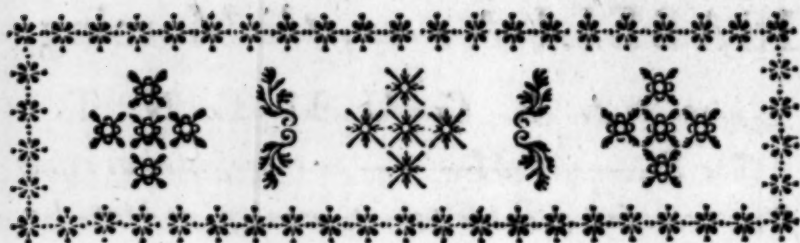
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ISABELLA: or, the Morning.

The A R G U M E N T.

The D—— of M—— is represented as rising from breakfast with her parrot, monkey, and lap-dog. — Dicky B——man comes in with a Staffordshire teapot, with which the d——s is charmed:—a smile—She makes a fine speech upon the occasion, which is broken off by General C. Ch——ll's coming in.—His character.—His first speech.—The d——s shews him the teapot.—She tells him of fire-works to be sold at Margus's, which gives him an opportunity of telling a story of some he saw in Flanders. It appears from the very beginning of the story that it could have no end.—It is broken off by the entrance of Charles St——pe.—A smile on his coming in.—His character as a companion.—He gives an account of a polypus. The d——s longs for a polypus. Both the Charles's fall fast asleep, on each side of the d——s. Contrast between Susanna and the two elders.—The whole company roused by Lord L——l's coming into the room.—His character.—He talks of the opera, of Ch——ld and Fanny.—Lady Fanny's looks owing to love.—The General begins the story of Miss How. The company's dismay described at the General's beginning a story.—The clock strikes three.—The d——s rings to dress.—The company rises.—The departure of the company described.*

* Lady F. Sk——y.



ISABELLA:

O R,

The M O R N I N G,

In various talk the instructive hours they pass.

MILTON.

THE monkey, lap-dog, parrot, and her grace,
Had each retir'd from breakfast to their place,
When, hark, a knock! "See Betty, see, who's
there:"

"'Tis Mr. B——n, Ma'am, in his new chair:"

"Dicky's new chair! the charming'st thing in
town,

"Whose poles are lacker'd, and whose lining's
brown!"

But see, he enters with his shuffling gait;
 “ Lord, says her grace, how could you be so late?” }
 “ I’m sorry madam I have made you wait,” }
 Bateman reply’d, “ I only staid to bring
 “ The newest, charming’st, most delightful thing!”
 “ Oh! tell me what’s the curiosity!
 “ Oh! shew it me this instant, or I die!”
 To please the noble dame, the courtly ’squire
 Produc’d a *tea pot*, made in Staffordshire:
 With eager eyes the longing d——s flood,
 And o’er and o’er the shining bauble view’d:
 Such were the joys touch’d young Atrides’ breast,
 Such all the Grecian host at once express;
 When from beneath his robe—to all their view,
 Laertes’ son, the fam’d Palladium drew.
 So Venus look’d, and with such longing eyes,
 When Paris first produc’d the golden prize.
 “ Such work as this, she cries, can England do?
 It equals Dresden, and excels St. Cloud:
 All modern China now shall hide its head,
 And e’en Chantilly must give o’er the trade:
 For lace let Flanders bear away the bell,
 In finest linen let the Dutch excell;
 For prettiest stuffs let Ireland now be nam’d,
 And for best fancy’d silks let France be fam’d;
 Do thou, thrice happy England! still prepare
 This clay, and build thy fame on earthen-ware.”

Much she'd have said, but that again she heard
The knocker—and the general appear'd.

The gen'ral! one of those brave old commanders,
Who serv'd through all the glorious wars in
Flanders;

Frank and good natur'd, of an honest heart,
Loving to act the steady friendly part:
None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Chearful in converse, smart in repartee.
Sweet was his night, and joyful was his day,
He din'd with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay;
But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he's extremely long;
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
He each minute particular relates.
If you name one of Malbro's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole history for your pains:
And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting,
As long in telling as it was in fighting:
His old desire to please is still express'd;
His hat's well cock'd, his perriwig's well dress'd:
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears:
His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays;
Still he looks chearful, still soft things he says:
And still rememb'ring that he once was young,
He strains his crippled knees, and struts along.

The room he enter'd *smiling*; which bespoke
Some worn-out compliment, or thread-bare joke,
(For not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.)

"How does your grace? I hope I see you well?
What a prodigious deal of rain has fell!
Will the sun never let us see his face?
But who can ever want a sun that sees your grace.

"Your servant, Sir—but see what I have got!
Isn't it a prodigious charming *pot*?
And a'n't you vastly glad we make them here,
For Dicky got it out of Staffordshire.
See how the charming vine twines all about!
Lord! what a handle! Jesus! what a spout!
And that old Pagog, and that charming child!
If Lady T——d saw them, she'd be wild!"

To this the gen'ral answer'd, "Who would not?
Lord! where cou'd Mr. Bateman find this *pot*?
Dear Dicky, cou'dn't you get one for me?
I want some useful china mightily;
Two jars, two beakers, and a *pot pourrie*."

"Oh, Mr. Churchill, where d'ye think I've been?
At Margus's, and there such fire-works seen,
So very pretty, charming, odd and new;
And, I assure you, they're right India too!"

I've bought them all, there's not one left in town;
 And if you was to see them, you would own
 You never saw such fire-works any where."
 —Oh, Madam, I must beg your pardon there,
 The Gen'ral cry'd, "for 'twas in the year ten;
 No, let me recollect, it was not then;
 'Twas then year *eight*, I think, for then we lay,
 Encamp'd with all the army near Cambray—
 Yes, yes, I'm sure I'm right by one event,
 We sup'd together in Cadogan's tent;
 Meredith, Lamly, and poor Geo. Grove,
 And merrily the bumpers round we drove;
 To Malbro's health, we drank confounded hard;
 For he'd just beat the French at Oudenarde:
 And Lord Cadogan then had got by chance,
 The best champaign that ever came from France,
 And 'twas no wonder that it was so good,
 For some dragoons had seiz'd it on the road;
 And they were told from those they took it from,
 It was design'd a present for Vendosme.
 So we—But see another Charles's face
 Cut short the Gen'ral, and relieves her Grace.

So, when one crop-sick parson in a dose,
 Is reading morning-service through his nose,
 Another in the pulpit, straight appears,
 Claiming the tir'd-out congregations ears,
 And with a duller sermon ends their pray'rs.

For this old Charles is full as dull as t'other,
 Bavius to Mœvius was not more a brother;
 From two defects this talk no joy affords,
 From want of matter, and from want of words.

"I hope, says he, your Grace is well to-day,
 And caught no cold by venturing to the play."
 "Oh, Sir, I'm mighty well—won't you sit down?
 Pray Mr. S——, what's the news in town?

"Madam, I know of none; but I'm just come
 From seeing a curiosity at home:
 'Twas sent to Martin Folkes, as being rare,
 And he and Dasguliers brought it there:
 It's call'd a *Polypus*.—"What's that?"—A crea-
 ture,

The wonderfult of all the works of nature:
 Hither it came from Holland where 'twas caught,
 (I should not say it came, for it was brought)
 To-morrow we're to have it at Crane-court,
 And 'tis a reptile of so strange a sort,
 That if 'tis cut in two, it is not dead;
 Its head shoots out a tail, its tail a head;
 Take out its middle, and observe its ends,
 Here a head rises, and there a tail descends;
 Or cut off any part that you desire,
 That part extends and makes itself entire:

But what it feeds on still remains a doubt,
 Or how it generates, is not found out :
 But at our Board, to-morrow, 'twill appear,
 And then 'twill be consider'd and made clear,
 For all the learn'd body will be there."

"Lord I must see it, or I'm undone,
 The D——s cry'd, pray can't you get me one?
 I never heard of such a thing before,
 I long to cut it and make fifty more ;
 I'd have a cage made up in taste for mine,
 And Dicky—you shall give me a design."

But here the General to a yawn gave way,
 And St——pe had not one more word to say,
 So stretch'd on easy chairs in apathy they lay ;
 And on each side the goddesses they ador'd,
 One Charles fat speechless, and the other snor'd.
 When chaste Susanna's all-subduing charms
 Made two old lovers languish for her arms,
 Soon as her eyes had thaw'd the frost of age,
 Their passions mounted into lustful rage ;
 With brutal violence they attack'd their prey,
 And almost bore the wish'd-for prize away.

Hail happy D——s! 'twixt two elders plac'd
 Whose passions brutal lust has ne'er disgrac'd ;

No warm expressions make her blushes rise,
 No ravish'd kifs shoots light'ning from your eyes:
 Let them but visit you, they ask no more,
 Guiltless they'll gaze, and innocent adore.

But hark! a louder knock than all before,
 "Lord! says her Grace, they'll thunder down my
 door!

Into the room see sweating L—l break,
 (The D—s rises, and the Elders wake:
 L—l,—the oddest character in town;
 A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon:
 Extract him well, this is his quintessence,
 Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense,
 To neither party is his heart inclined,
 He steer'd through both with politicks refin'd,
 Voted with Walpole, and with Pultney din'd. }

His lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,
 Then opens with preliminary chat;

"I am glad to see your Grace—the Gen'ral too—

"Old Charles, how is it! Dicky! how d'ye do?

"Madam, I hear that you was at the play,

"You did not say one word on't yesterday;

"I went, who'd no engagement, any share,

"To th' opera."—"Were there many people
 there?"

The Dutchess cry'd:—" Yes, Madam, a great many,

Says Lovel—" There was Ch—d and Fanny.

In that eternal whisper which begun

Ten years ago, and never will be done ;

For tho' you know he sees her ev'ry day,

Still he has ever something new to say ;

There's nothing upon earth so hard to me,

As keeping up discourse eternally ;

He never lets the conversation fall,

And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball ;

I saw that her replies were never long,

And with her eyes she answer'd for her tongue,

Poor I! am forc'd to keep my distance now,

She won't ev'n curt'fy if I make a bow."

" Why, things are strangely chang'd, the Gen'ral cry'd ;

Ay, *Fortune de la guerre*," my lord reply'd :

" But you and I, Charles hardly find things so,

As we both did some twenty years ago."

" And take off twenty years, reply'd her Grace,

'Twould do no harm to Lady Fanny's face ;

My Lord, you never see her but at night,

By th' advantageous help of candle-light :

Drest out with ev'ry aid that is adorning,

Oh, if your Lordship saw her in a morning !

It is no more than Fanny once so fair;
 No roses bloom, no lilies flourish there:
 But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,
 Repentance, love and disappointment speak."

The General found a lucky minute now
 To speak—" Ah, Ma'am you did not know Miss
 How."

I'll tell you all her history, he cry'd—
 At this Charles S——e gap'd extremely wide;
 Poor Dicky sat on thorns, her Grace turn'd pale,
 And L——l trembl'd at th' impending tale.
 " Poor girl! faith she was once extremely fair,
 Till worn by love, and tortur'd by despair:
 Her pining cheek betray'd her inward smart;
 Her breaking looks fortold her breaking heart.
 At Leicester-house her passion first began,
 And Nanty L——er was a pretty man:
 But when the P——es did to K——w remove,
 She could not bear the absence of her love;
 Away she flew."—But here the clock struck three;
 So did some pitying deity decree;
 The D——s rings to dress—and see her maid
 With all the apparatus for her head,
 Th' adorning circle can no longer stay,
 Each rises, bows, and goes his different way.

To ancient Boothby's ancient C——ill's flown;
 Home to his dinner St—pe goes alone :
 Dicky to fast with her, her Grace invites,
 And L—I's coachman drives unbid to White's,





A N
O D E

To the Right Honourable
STEPHEN POYNTZ, Esq.
Ec. Ec. Ec.

*Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Possit——*

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Relique cultus pectora roborant.*

HOR. Od. 4. Lib. 4.

I.

W Hilst William's deeds and William's praise
Each English breast with transport raise,
Each English tongue employ ;
Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart
Assumes not a superior part,
A larger share of joy ?

II.

But that thy country's high affairs
Employ thy time, demand thy cares,
 You shou'd renew your flight;
You only shou'd this theme pursue —
Who can for William feel like you;
 Or who like you can write ?

III.

Then to rehearse the hero's praise,
To paint this sunshine of his days,
 The pleasing task be mine—
To think on all thy cares o'er paid,
To view the hero you have made,
 That pleasing part be thine.

IV.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
This youthful Prince's various worth,
 You had the public voice ;
Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
To thee, the culture of his mind,
 And England blest the choice.

V.

You taught him to be early known
By martial deeds of courage shewn :
 From this, near Mona's flood,
By his victorious Father led,
He flesh'd his maiden sword, he shed
 And prov'd th' illustrious blood.

VI.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught,
With happiness and glory fraught,
 How her unshaken pow'r
Is independant of success;
That no defeat can make it less,
 No conquest make it more.

VII.

This after Tournay's fatal day,
'Midst sorrow, cares, and dire dismay,
 Brought calm, and sure relief;
He scrutiniz'd his noble heart,
Found virtue had perform'd her part,
 And peaceful slept the chief.

VIII.

From thee he early learnt to feel
The Patriot's warmth for England's weal;
 (True Valour's noblest spring)
To vindicate her Church distressed;
To fight for Liberty oppress'd;
 To perish for his King.

IX.

Yet say, if in thy fondest scope
Of thought, you ever dar'd to hope
 That bounteous heav'n, so soon
Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
Consenting bend to ev'ry pray'r,
 And all thy wishes crown.

X.

We saw a wretch with trait'rous aid,
 Our King's and Church's right invade;
 And thine, fair Liberty!
 We saw thy Hero fly to war,
 Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
 And set the nations free.

XI.

Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
 My rapture, vision, and my dream,
 Gilds the young Hero's days:
 Yet can there be one English heart
 That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
 And own thy share of praise?

XII.

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
 For life's short date: when William's head,
 For victories to come,
 The frequent laurel shall receive:
 Chaplets for thee our sons shall weave,
 And hang them on thy tomb.





O D E
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F
M A T Z E L,
A FAVOURITE BULL-FINCH,

*Address'd to Mr. S——PE, to whom the Author had
given the Reversion of it when he left DRESDEN.*

I.

TRY not my St——e, 'tis in vain
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage;
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage,

C

II.

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance shall have way:
On pains and tortures I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
His nine will ill repay.

IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funeral verse:
My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who never to return
Is fled to happier shades,
Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming, and most fair
Of all th' Elysian glades.

VI.

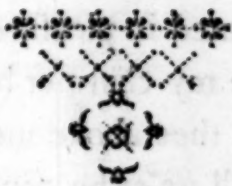
There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Sooth wretched ghosts that die for love;

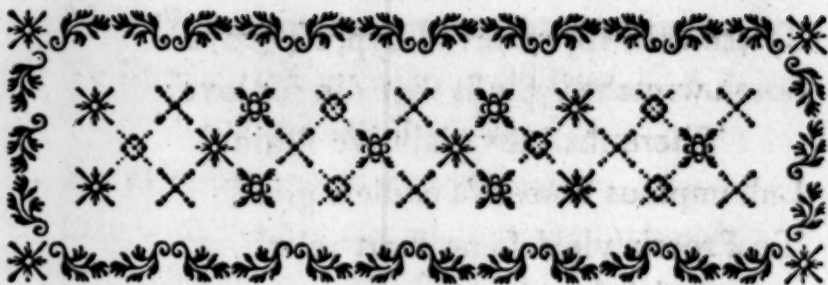
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain.

VII.

Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,

And love thee with my love;
While each attendant's soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his songs approve.





MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMA.

Lib. 6. Ep. 34. Imitated.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure never girl gave :
But why in the midst of my blisses
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then pr'ythee my charmer be kind,
For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;

Go number the stars in the heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore,
When so many kisses you've given
I still shall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
With my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And twist round thy limbs like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on thy lips shall be spent;
But the wretch that can number his kisses
With few will be ever content,





O D E

O N

Miss HARRIET HANBURY,

At SIX YEARS old.

I.

W H Y shou'd I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?
Why should I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue?

II.

The pow'r as yet is all in vain,
Thy num'rous charms, and various graces:
They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents' faces.

III.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel:
Those charms their pow'rful sway shall find:
Youth shall in crouds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms,
My muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
To sing the vict'ries of your charms.

V.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
At least while verse like mine endures:
And future Hanburys shall boast,
Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

VI.

A little vain we both may be,
Since scarce another house can shew,
A poet, that can sing like me,
A beauty, that can charm like you.





S O N G

O N

Miss Harriet Hanbury,

ADDRESSED to the Rev. Mr. B I R T.

I.

DEAR doctor of St. Mary's
In the hundred of Bergavenny,
I've seen such a lass,
With a shape and face,
As never was match'd by any.

II.

Such wit, such bloom, and beauty,
Has this girl of Ponty Pool, Sir,
With eyes that wou'd make
The toughest heart ach,
And the wisest man a fool, Sir.

III.

At our fair t'other day she appear'd, Sir,
And the Welshmen all flock'd and view'd her;
And all of them said,
She was fit to have been made
A wife for Owen Tudor.

IV.

They wou'd ne'er have been tir'd with gazing,
And so much her charms did please, Sir,
That all of them flaid,
Till their ale grew dead,
And cold was their toasted cheese, Sir.

V.

How happy the lord of the manor,
That shall be of her possesst, Sir;
For all must agree,
Who my Harriet shall see,
She's a Harriet of the best, Sir.

VI.

Then pray make a ballad about her;
We know you have wit if you'd shew it,
Then don't be asham'd,
You can never be blam'd,
For a prophet is often a poet.

VII.

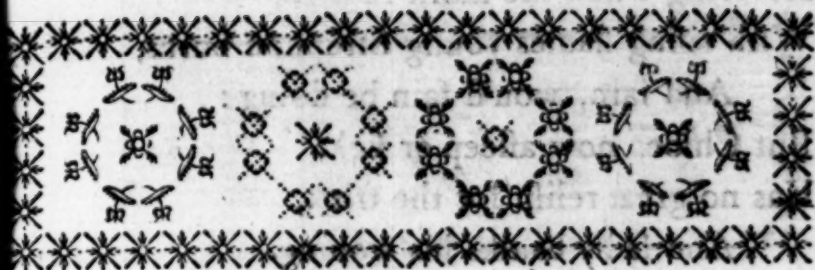
But why don't you make one yourself then?
I suppose I by you shall be told, Sir:

This beautiful piece,
Alas, is my niece;
And besides she's but five years old, Sir.

VIII.

But tho' my dear friend, she's no older,
In her face it may plainly be seen, Sir,
That this angel at five,
Will, if she's alive,
Be a goddess at fifteen, Sir.





A LAMENTABLE CASE.

Submitted to the *Bath* Physicians.

YE fam'd physicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
Nor think that I am joking;
When she wou'd, he can not comply,
When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry;
And is not this provoking?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her breast,
With fondly-folding Arms:
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
 With rising flames young Strephon burns,
 And fain, wou'd fain be doing :
 But Chloe, now asleep or sick,
 Has no great relish for the trick,
 And sadly baulks his wooing.

O cruel and difast'rous case,
 When in the critical embrace
 That only one is burning !
 Dear doctors, set this matter right,
 Give Strephon spirits over night,
 Or Chloe in the morning.





ON THE DEATH OF
Lady *ABERGAVENNY*,

By a L A D Y.

YE muses all, and pitying virgins come
And pour your tears on poor Calista's tomb.
In the cold mansions of the silent grave,
May her remains a sanctuary have:
From the malignant blasts of slanderous tongues,
Who have pursu'd her name with cruel wrongs;
May all her faults for ever be forgot,
And let not calumny her mem'ry blot.

Unhappy nymph! let none her crime upbraid,
 By love, and too much gentleness betray'd;
 And, oh! for ever may his name be curst,
 Of spotted villains be he rank'd the first,
 Who with a base revenge, and malice fir'd,
 Fierce jealousy in her stern Lord inspir'd.
 Inhuman wretch! Sure now thy woes begin,
 And thou already hast thy hell within.
 While pitying heaven with mercy sees her fate,
 And kindly takes her to a happier state,
 Pardons the fault she so sincerely mourn'd,
 And joys to see a penitent return'd.
 But, oh! ye railers, ye abandoned few,
 How ill your master's precepts ye pursue:
 Reflect, when God himself was here below,
 What mercy he did to a sinner shew,
 And bade the guiltless only throw a stone;
 Straight all retir'd, and left her there alone:
 With majesty he rais'd his awful head,
 And mildly to the tender creature said,
 Again thy life and freedom I restore,
 Now go thy way, and look thou sin no more.
 Th' accusing Jews were juster far than you;
 By conscience, self condemn'd, they all withdrew;
 But amongst those who mangle thus her fame,
 How many's crimes, tho' not their fate's the same.
 Henceforth forever cease her name to tax,
 Nor with foul calumny abuse her sex;

While for her woes my pitying tears shall flow,
 A worthless gift, but all I can bestow.
 My pensive muse her terrors still shall mourn,
 And move distress in lovers yet unborn;
 Who, while her hapless story I relate
 Shall learn to shun the snare, and weep her fate.





T O

Mr. Garnier and Mr. Pearce of Bath.

A grateful O D E,

*In return for the extraordinary kindness and
humanity they shewed to me and my eldest
daughter, now Lady ESSEX, 1753.*

I.

WHAT glorious verse from love has sprung?
How well has indignation sung?
And can the gentle muse,
Whilst in her once belov'd abode
I stray, and suppliant kneel, an ode
To gratitude refuse.

II.

Garnier, my friend, accept this verse,
And thou receive, well natur'd Pearce,
All I can give of fame.
Let others, other subjects sing,
Some murd'rous chief, some tyrant king,
Humanity's my theme.

III.

Whilst arts like yours, employ'd by you,
Make verse in such a theme your due,

To whom indulgent heav'n

Its fav'rite pow'r of doing good,

By you so rightly understood,

Judiciously has giv'n.

IV.

Behold, obedient to your pow'r,

Consuming fevers rage no more,

Nor chilling agues freeze ;

The cripple dances void of pain,

The deaf in raptures hear again,

The blind transported sees.

V.

Health at your call extends her wing,

Each healing plant, each friendly spring,

Its various pow'r discloses,

O'er death's approaches you prevail,

See Chloe's cheek, of late so pale,

Blooms with returning roses.

VI.

These gifts, my friends, which shine in you ;

Are rare, yet to some chosen few

Heav'n has the same assign'd,

Health waits on Mead's prescription still,

And Hawkins' hand, and Ranby's skill,

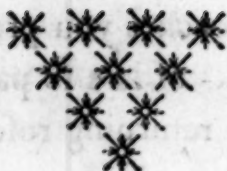
Are blessings to mankind.

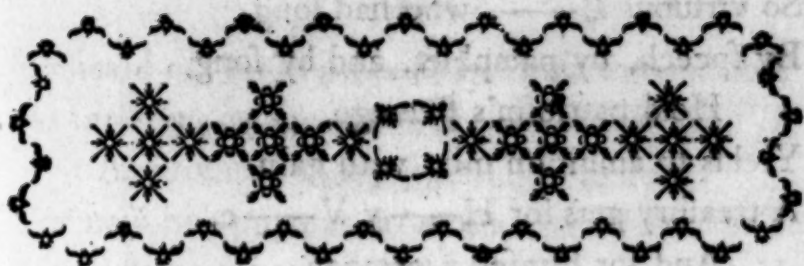
VII.

But hearts like yours are rare indeed,
 Which for another's wounds can bleed,
 Another's grief can feel;
 The lover's fear, the parent's groan,
 Your na ures catch, and make your own,
 And share the pains you heal.

VIII.

But why to them, Hygeia, why
 Dost thou thy cordial drop deny
 Who but for others live;
 Oh, goddess, hear my pray'r, and grant
 That these that health may never want,
 Which they to others give.





THE
COUNTRY GIRL;
AN
O D E.

THE country girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young 'squire grows kind,
Doubts between joy and ruin;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To raptures now her pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.

But when the lover with his pray'rs,
His oaths, his sighs, his vows and tears
Holds out the profer'd treasure;
She quite forgets her fear and shame,
And quits her virtue, and good-name,
For profit mixt with pleasure.

So virtuous B——, who had long
 By speech, by pamphlet, and by song,
 Held patriotism's steerage,
 Yields to ambition mixt with gain,
 A treasury gets for H——y V——e,
 And for himself a peerage.

Tho' with joint lives and debts before,
 H——y's estate was covered o'er,
 This Irish place repairs it;
 Unless that story should be true,
 That he receives but half his due,
 And the new C——s shares it.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other H——y
 Pays half the fees of secretary
 To B——'s enobled doxy;
 If so—good use of pow'r she makes,
 The treasury of each kingdom takes,
 And holds them both by proxy.

Whilst her dear L——d obeys his summons,
 And leaves the noisy H——e of C——s,
 Amongst the L——ds to nod;
 Where, if he's better than of old,
 His hands perhaps a stick may hold,
 But never more a rod.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
As innocent as any p——r,
As prompt for any job:
For now he's popular no more,
Has lost the power he had before,
And his best friends the Mob.

Their fav'rites shou'dn't soar so high,
They fail him when to near the sky,
Like Icarus's wings;
And popularity is such,
As still is ruin'd by the touch
Of gracious giving kings.

Here then, O B——h! thy empire ends,
A——le with his tory friends
Soon better days restore;
For Enoch's fate and thine are one
Like him translated thou art gone
Ne'er to be heard of more.





A

New O D E

To a great number of GREAT MEN,
newly made.

Jam nova Progenies.

SEE, a new progeny descends
From heav'n of Britain's truest friends.
Oh muse attend my call!
To one of these direct thy flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O Clio! these are golden times;
I shall get money for my rhymes;
And thou no more so tatter'd;
Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to C—r—t fain you'd sing;
Indeed he's nearest to the K—,

Yet careless how you use him:
Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays;
He will not promise if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
The new made E. of B—h comes next,
Stiff in his popular pride:
His step, his gait, describe the man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day.
And roars for pow'r to-morrow.

At noon the tories had him tight,
With staunchest whigs he supp'd at night,
Each party try'd to've won him;
But he himself did so divide,
Shuffled and cut from side to side,
That now both parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important lord,
Who at the long'd-for money-board

Sits first, but does not lead :
His younger brethren all things make ;
So that the T——y's like a snake,
And the tail moves the head.

Why did ye cross God's good intent ?

He made you for a pr—fi—t ;

Back to that station go :
No longer act this farce of power,
We know you mis'd the thing before,
And have not got it now.

See valiant C——m, valorous S—r,
Britain's two thunderbolts of war,

Now strike my ravish'd eye :
But, oh ! their strength and spirits flown,
They, like their conquering swords, are grown
Rusty with lying by,

Dear Bat, I'm glad you've got a place,
And since things thus have chang'd their face

You'll give opposing o'er :
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like Peter, at the door.

See who comes next—I kiss thy hands,
But not in flattery, S—I S—s;

For since you are in power,
That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
Its state, old Rome dictators took

Judiciously from plough:
So they, (but a pinch thou knowest)
To make the highest of the lowest,
The exchequer gave to you.

When in your hands the seals you found,
Did it not make your brains go round?

Did it not turn your head?
I fancy (but you hate a joke)
You felt as Nell did when she woke
In Lady Loverule's bed.

See H—e V—e in pomp appear,
And since he's made V—e T——r,

Grown taller by some inches:
See Tw—— follow C——t's call;
See Hanoverian G——r, and all
The black funeral F——s.

And see with that important face
Beranger's clerk to take his place,
Into the T——y come;

With pride and meanness act thy part,
Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
Thou Bourgeois Geutilhomme.

Oh my poor country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd fall
Of Wa——le and his tools?
He was a knave indeed—what then?
He'd parts—but this new set of men
A'n't only knaves, but fools.

More changes, better times this isle
Demands; oh! Chesterfield, Argyle,
To bleeding Britain bring 'em:
Unite all hearts, appease each storm,
'Tis yours such actions to perform,
My pride shall be to sing 'em.





A N

O D E,

Humbly inscribed to the Right Hon.

W—— E—— of B——

*Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

*Parcius junctas quatiant fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi :
Nec tibi somnos adimunt : amatque
Janua limen.*

Ec. Ec. Ec. HOR. Lib. 1. Od. xxv.

GREAT E— of B—, your reign is o'er;
The Tories trust your word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear ye;
Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No crowds of coaches fill your yard,
And scarce a soul comes near ye.

Few now aspire at your good graces,
 Scarce any sue to you for places,
 Or come with their petition,
 To tell how well they have deserv'd,
 How long, how steadily they starv'd
 For you in opposition.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
 Since all mankind perceive that pow'r
 Is lodg'd in other hands:
 Sooner to C—t—t now they'll go,
 Or ev'n (though that's excessive low)
 To W——lm——n and S—s.

With your obedient wife retire,
 And sitting silent by the fire,
 A fullen *tete à tete*,
 Think over all you've done or said,
 And curse the hour that you were made
 Unprofitably great.

With vapours there, and spleen o'er cast,
 Reflect on all your actions past,
 With sorrow and contrition;
 And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
 From disappointed avarice,
 From frustrated ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain.
 Of our deserting friends complain,
 That visit you no more;
 But in this country 'tis a truth,
 As known as that love follows youth,
 That friendship follows pow'r.

Such is the calm of your retreat!
 You through the dregs of life must sweat
 Beneath this heavy load;
 And I'll attend you, as I've done,
 Only to help reflection on,
 With now and then an ode.





THE
STATES-MAN.

*Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?*

Quem deum? &c. HOR. Lib. I. Ode xii.

WHAT statesman, what hero, what king,
Whose name through the island is spread,
Will you chuse, O my Clio, to sing,
Of all the great living or dead?

Go, my muse, from this place to Japan
In search of a topic for rhyme:
The great E— of B—h is the man,
Who deserves to employ your whole time.

But, howe'er as the subject is nice,
 And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with matter;
 May it please you to take my advise,
 That you may'nt be suspected to flatter.

When you touch on his l——p's high birth,
 Speak Latin as if you were tipsy:
 Say, we are all the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew;
 Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties.
 You may say, he is married; that's true:
 Yet speak not a word of his c——fs.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
 To enroll the fair deeds of his youth!
 When you mention the acts of his age,
 Leave a blank for his honour and truth!

Say, he made a great m——h change hands:
 He spake—and the minister fell.
 Say, he made a great statesman of S—ds;
 (Oh! that he had taught him to spell!)

Then enlarge on his cunning and wit:
 Say, how he harangu'd at the Fountain;
 Say, how the old patriots were bit,
 And a mouse was produc'd by a mountain.

Then say how he mark'd the new year,
By encreasing our taxes, and flocks:
Then say, how he chang'd to a p—r,
Fit companions for E—be and F—x.





A

New O D E.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa

Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

HOR. Od. 5. Lib. I.

WHAT (good L— B—) prim patriot now,
With courtly graces woe thee?

And from St. Stephens c——l to

The H—— of L—ds pursues thee?

How gay and debonnair you're grown!

How pleas'd with what is past!

Your title has your judgment shewn,

And choice of friends your taste.

A

E

With sparkling wits to entertain
 Yourself and your good c——fs,
 You've hit on sweet-lip'd H——y V——
 And high bred H——y F——fe.

But to direct the affairs of state,
 What geniuses you've taken?
 Their talants, like their virtues, great
 Or all the world's mistaken.

The task was something hard, 'tis true,
 Which you had on your hands,
 So, to please P—— and people too,
 You wisely pitched on S——s.

O Britain! never any thing
 Could so exactly hit you:
 His mien and manners charm'd the K——
 His parts amaz'd the City.

But to make all things of a piece,
 And end as you begun;
 To find a genius such as his,
 What was there to be done?

O where—where were they to be found?
 Such stars but rare appear!
 Dart not their rays on every ground,
 Gild ev'ry hemisphere.

But you with **astronomick** eyes,
 Not Tycho Brahe's more true,
 From far spy'd some bright orbs arise,
 And brought them to our view.

Sir J—n's clear head and sense profound,
 Blaz'd out in P——t,
 G——n, for eloquence renown'd,
 To grace the c——t you sent.

To these congenial souls you join'd
 Some more, as choice and proper,
 Bright B—tle? darling of mankind!
 Good L——k—— and sage H——r.

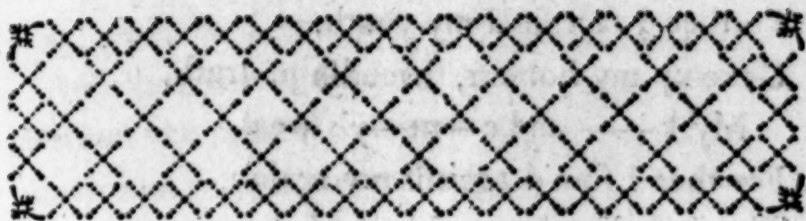
Such virtue and such wisdom shone,
 In ev'ry chosen spirit!
 All men at least this truth must own,
 Your nice regard to merit!

What pray'rs and praise to you belong,
 For this blest reformation!
 Thou joy of ev'ry heart and tongue!
 Thou saviour of the nation!

O W——le, W——le, blush for shame,
 With all your tools around you!
 Does not each glorious patriot-name,
 Quite dazzle and confound you?

Had you fought out this patriot race,
 Triumphant still you'd been ;
 By only putting them in place,
 You had yourself kept in.





A N

O D E,

From the E—of B— to AMBITION.

Peccat ad extremum ridendus.

A WAY, Ambition, let me rest;
All party rage forsake my breast,
And opposition cease.
Arm me no more for future strife,
Pity my poor remains of life,
And give my age its peace.

I'm not the man you knew before,
For I am P——y now no more,
My titles hide my name.
(Oh how I blush to own my case!)
My dignity was my disgrace,
And I was rais'd to shame.

To thee I sacrific'd my youth,
Gave up my honour, friendship, truth,
My k—— and c——nt——y's weal,
For thee I sinn'd against my reason,
The daily lie, the weekly treason,
Proclaim'd my blinded zeal.

For thee I ruin'd O——d's pow'r;
Oh! had I well employ'd that hour,
My reign had known no end:
But then (oh fool!) like Brutus, I
Left able, pow'rful Antony,
T'avenge his fallen friend.

He drives me to this abject state,
And still he urges on my fate,
And heaps my measure full:
All O——d's wrongs are now repaid,
I'm fall'n into the pit I made,
And roar in my own bull.

Leave me, and to great Varus go,
On him resistless smiles bestow,
Inflame his kindled heat:
Display thy pow'r thy temptings shew,
Thy glorious height, the sunny brow,
With all that charm and cheat.

Varus, on whom, while yet a child,
 You, goddess, favourably smil'd,
 And form'd him for your tool;
 Bid him the path of Greatness try,
 Teach him to conquer or to die,
 To ruin, or to rule.

Here all my views of greatness cease,
 I only ask content and peace,
 Which I will never barter
 For all the gifts that you can show'r;
 The pride of wealth, the pomp of pow'r,
 Employments and a garter.

But at that word what thoughts return!
 Again I feel ambition burn,
 My dreams my hopes obey;
 There all my wishes crown'd I feel,
 Enjoy the ribband, treas'ry, seal,
 Which vanish with the day.





G I L E S E A R L E,

A N D

George Bubb Doddington, Esqrs.

A D I A L O G U E.

- E. **M**Y dear Pall-mall, I hear you're got in
favour,
And please the duke by your late damn'd
behaviour ;
I live with Walpole, you live at his grace's,
And thus thank heav'n we have exchang'd our
places.
- D. Yes, on the great Argyle I often wait,
At charming Sudbrook, or in Bruton-street ;
In wit or politics, he's good at either ;
We pass our independent hours together.

- E. By G—d that's heavenly : so in town you talk,
 And round the groves at charming Sudbrook
 walk,
 And hear the cuckow, and the linnet sing
 L—d G—d, that's vastly pleasant in the spring.
- D. Dear witty Marlbro'-street for once be wise,
 Nor happiness, you never knew, despise:
 You ne'er enjoy'd the triumph of disgrace,
 Nor felt the dignity of loss of place.
- E. Not lost my place! yes, but I did, by G—d,
 Tho' your description of it's very odd;
 I felt no triumph, felt no dignity:
 I cry'd, and so did all my family.
- D. What, shed a tear because you lost your place?
 Sure thou'rt the lowest of the lowest race,
 Gods! Is there not in politics a time,
 When keeping places is the greatest crime?
- E. Yes sure, that doctrine I have learnt long since
 I once resign'd my place about the Prince:
 But then I did it for a better thing,
 And got by that the green cloth to the king.
- D. Thou hast no taste to popular applause;
 Who follow those that join in virtue's cause:
 Argyle and I am prais'd by every tongue,
 The burden of each free-born British song.

E. You, and the duke, d'ye think you're popular?
 By G-d they lye that tell you that you are.
 Great Walpole now has got the nation's voice,
 The people's idol, and their monarch's choice.

D. When the excise scheme shall no more be blam'd;
 When the convention shall no more be nam'd,
 Then shall your minister, and not till then,
 Be popular, with unbrib'd Englishmen.

E. The excise, and the convention! d——n your
 b——d,
 You voted for them both, and thought them good;
 Or did not like the triumph of disgrace,
 And gave up your opinion, not your place.

D. To freedom and Argyle I turn my eyes;
 For them I feel, by them I hope to rise;
 And after years in ignominy spent,
 I own my crime, and blush, and dare repent.

E. Sir, of repentance there's one charming kind,
 And that's the voluntary only, and resign'd:
 Your's is a damn'd, reluctant, forc'd repentance,
 A Newgate malefactor's after sentence;
 Who sighs, because he's lost the power to sin,
 As you repent, that you'r no longer in.
 But since we're rhiming, for once pray hear me,
 While I, like other poets prophecy.

Whenever Walpole dies, and not before,
 Then may Argyle again come into pow'r ;
 And when he has been paid his long arrear,
 And got once more 9000*l.* a year,
 When ev'ry Campbell that attends his grace,
 Shall be return'd to parliament and place ;
 When ev'ry Scotchman in his train is serv'd,
 An Englishman may chance to be preferr'd.
 This is a truth, I know it to my cost :
 He best can tell it who has felt it most.





T H E

H E R O E S:

A New B A L L A D.

To the Tune of—Sally in our Alley.

OF all the jobs that e'er had past
Our house, since times of jobbing;
Sure none was ever like the last,
Ev'n in the days of Robin:
For he himself had blush'd for shame
At this polluted cluster,
Of fifteen nobles of great fame,
All brib'd by one false muster.

Two D—kes on horseback first appear,
 Both tall and of great prowess;
 Two little B—r—ns in the rear
 (For they're, you know, the lowest:)
 But high and low they'll agree
 To do whatever man dar'd;
 Those ne'er so tall, and those that fall
 A foot below the standard.

Three regiments one d--ke contents,
 With two more places you know;
 Since his B--th kn--ghts, his grace delights
In Tri-a junct' in U-no.
 Now B--lt--n comes with beat of drums,
 Tho' fighting be his loathing;
 He much dislikes both guns and pikes,
 But relishes the cloathing.

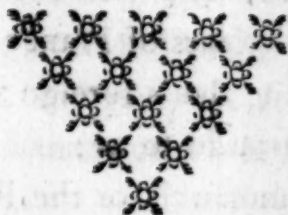
Next doth advance, defying France,
 A peer in wond'rous bustle;
 With sword in hand, he stout doth stand,
 And brags his name is R--ll:
 He'll beat the French from ev'ry trench,
 And blow them off the water;
 By sea and land he doth command,
 And looks an errant otter.

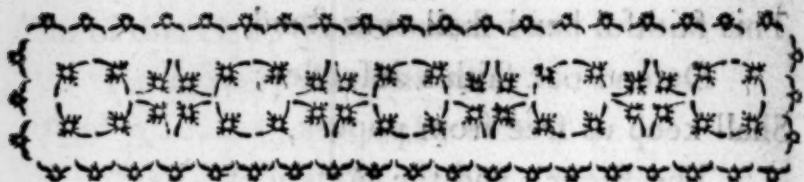
But of this clan, there's not a man
 For bravery that can be,
 (Tho' A——r should make a stir,)
 Compar'd with M——s Gr——by :
 His sword and drefs both well exprefs
 His courage moft exceeding ;
 And by his hair, you'd almoft swear
 He's valiant Charles of Sweden.

The next are H——t, Ha——x,
 And F——h choice commanders !
 For thefe the nation we muft tax,
 But ne'er fend them to Flanders.
 Two corps of men do ftill remain,
 Earl Ch——ly's and earl B——ley's ;
 The laft, I hold, not quite fo bold
 As formerly was Herc'les.

And now, dear G——r, thou man of pow'r,
 And comprehensive noddle :
 Tho' you've the gout, yet as you're ftout,
 Why wa'n't you plac'd in faddle ;
 Then you might ride to either fide
 Chufe which k—— you'd ferve under ;
 But, dear dragoon, change not too foon,
 For fear of th' other blunder,

This faithful band shall ever stand,
 Defend our faith's defender;
 Shall keep us free from popery,
 The French and the pretender.
 Now God blefs all our m-n—try,
 May they the crown environ,
 To hold in chain whate'er p—e reign,
 And rule with links of iron.





A N

O D E.

Imitated from Ode XI, Book II.
of HORACE.

From P---l F---y to N---s F---y, Esq ;

Studiis florentem ignobilis otii.

VIRG.

NEVER, dear Faz, torment thy brain
With idle fears of France or Spain,
Or any thing that's foreign :
What can Bavaria do to us ;
What Prussia's monarch, or the Rufs ?
Or ev'n prince Charles of Lorrain ?

Let us be chearful whilst we can,
And lengthen out the short-liv'd span,
Enjoying ev'ry hour,
The moon itself we see decay ;
Beauty's the worie for ev'ry day,
And so's the sweetest flow'r.

How oft, dear Faz, have we been told,
 That Paul and Faz are both grown old,
 By young and wanton lasses!
 Then since our times is now so short,
 Let us enjoy the only sport
 Of tossing off our glasses.

From White's we'll move th' expensive scene,
 And steal away to Richmond Green:
 There free from noise and riot,
 Polly each morn shall fill our tea,
 Spread bread and butter, and then we
 Each night get drunk in quiet.

Unless perchance earl L——r comes,
 As noisy as a dozen drums,
 And makes a horrid pother:
 Else might we quiet sit and quaff,
 And gently chat, and gayly laugh
 At this, and that, and t'other.

Br——w shall settle what's to pay,
 Adjust accounts by algebra:
 I always order dinner:
 Pr——w, tho' solemn, yet is fly,
 And leers at Poll with roguish eye,
 To make the girl a sinner.

Powell, (d'ye hear,) let's have the ham,
Some chickens and a chine of lamb;

And what else—let's see—look ye,
Br——w must have his damn'd bouilli;
B——h fattens on his fricassée;

I'll have my water-fuchy.

When dinner comes, we'll drink about,
(No matter who is in or out)

Till wine or sleep o'er take us;
Each man may nod, or nap, or wink;
And when it is our turn to drink,
Our neighbour then shall wake us.

Then let us live in soft retreat,
Nor envy nor despise the great;

Submit to pay our taxes;
With peace or war we'll be content,
Till eas'd by a good parliament,
Till S——pe's hand relaxes.

Never enquire about the Rhine,
But fill your glasses and drink your wine,
Hope things may mend in Flanders.

The Dutch we know are good allies;
So are they all with subsidies;
And we have choice commanders.

Then here's the king; God blefs his grace!

Tho' neither you nor I have place,

He has many a sage adviser;

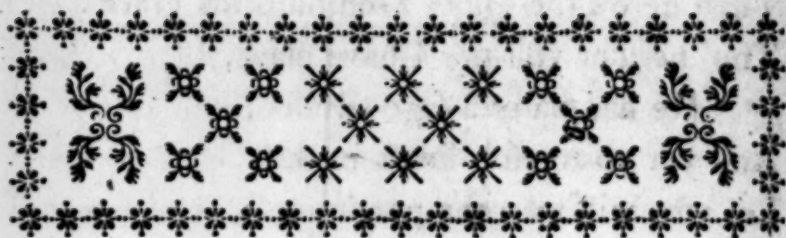
And yet no treason sure's in this,

Let who will take the pray'r amifs,

God fend them all much wifer! *

* This has been attributed to the Earl of Bath, but in the uncertainty of its belonging to Sir Charles, it is inserted here.





ORPHEUS AND HECATE,

A N

O D E.

Inscribed to the Patroness of the Italian Opera.

To Lady B——.

Tantum Odiis, Iræque debat——

——illa Sorores

Nocte vocat genitas——

MET. lib. 4.

WHEN Orpheus, as old poets tell,
Carry'd his music down to hell,
He fill'd the shades with joys;
Alecto, and Tisiphone,
Megæra, with Brown Hecate,
Transported heard his voice.

And whilst he led the song divine,
 The spectres all in chorus join;
 Such was grim Pluto's will!
 Tantalus quaff'd a flowing bowl,
 Sisyphus ceas'd his stone to to roll,
 Ixion's wheel stood still.

His person, melody, and lyre
 Set the infernal queen on fire,
 Who courted him to stay:
 But Pluto, to prevent all strife,
 Order'd the Poet, with his wife,
 Back to the realms of day.

Joyful they speed for upper air;
 When, to divide the happy pair,
 Hecat' contriv'd a spell:
 Now, now, she cry'd, in rapt'rous tone,
 His harmony is all my own!
 And I'll make a heav'n in hell!

For me, and my Tartarean crew,
 Endless the wanton song renew!
 O ever touch the lyre!
 But still the bard, in heav'nly lays,
 Would sing his king's and maker's praise,
 And kindle martial fire.

Enrag'd the † triple-headed dame
 Howl'd; in a trice the furies came,
 Threat'ning a dreadful fate:
 'Till Phœbus, with the tuneful nine,
 And lovely graces all combine
 To shield him from their hate.

Thus fav'd from death, he shares the love
 Of men below, and blest above,
 The virtuous, brave, and wise:
 While every chaste, and pious mind,
 To vice averse, to good inclin'd;
 Must Hecat's name despise.

† *Tuque triceps* HECATE.—Met. Lib. 7.

The ancients represented Hecate with three heads, that of a horse, a bitch, and a savage; the second is supposed to be the head used on this occasion.





A

D—fs's G H O S T

T O

Orator H—R P—TT.

AS musing on his bed the Speecher lay,
 Conning harangues for some important day;
 Labouring to make the turns harmonious fall,
 And to the taste attune 'em of Whitehall:
 A sudden noise, career of fancy stops,
 And a pale phiz within the curtains pops.
 The phiz his opening eye no sooner meets,
 Than quick he dives between the unsavory sheets:
 Not proof against the visage of her grace,
 Down sinks;—till now, that unembaras'd face.

The spectre thus: " No sooner laid my head,
 " But all thy patriot sentiments are fled :
 " And I in my atoning project chous'd,
 " The latest and the best I e'er espous'd.

" To my trustees (since fate forbids to me,)
 " Return, base v—l—n ! my retaining fee ;
 " Bequeath'd to save that country thou woud'ft sell,
 " Refund—not such a Judas roars in hell.

" That soften'd thief, by sense of guilt dismay'd,
 " Threw back the price of him he had betray'd ;
 " But wretch ! my purse in thy polluted paws
 " Meant to support, thou turn'ft to crush the cause ;

" Tho' lost on thee, yet hear these rules I teach :
 " Usage like this wou'd make the devil preach.
 " No weight to words can eloquence impart,
 " Tho' ne'er so clear the head, if foul the heart :
 " Men's words, the world will by their actions scan :
 " The orator must be the honest man.
 " No prostitute the generous bosom arms,
 " The *whore* peeps thro' the bloom, and blasts her
 " charms.

" Once with applause was heard thy flowing tongue
 " And on its motions sweet persuasion hung :

" But now those lips (and thanks to Sarah's money)
" That in thy country's struggles drop down honey.
" Shall please no more! (take my prophetic word)
" Nor all their flourishes be worth a t—d.
" But see! the morning streaks the eastern sky: }
" Now crows the scaring cock: from hence I hye, }
" And leave thee to the lash of lost integrity. }





T H E

Unembaras'd Countenance,

A New B A L L A D.

To the Tune of, A Cobler there was, &c. &c.

— Sume superbiam

Quæsitam meritis.

HOR.

Behold young Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his getting to his parts and merit.

POPE.

TO a certain old chapel well known in the town,
The inside quite rotten, the outside near down,
A fellow got in who could talk and could prate,
I'll tell you his story, and sing you his fate.

Derry down, &c.

At first he seem'd modest and wonderous wise,
 He flatter'd all others in order to rise :
 Till out of compassion he got a small place,
 Then full on his master he turn'd his a—se.

Derry down, &c.

He bellow'd and roar'd at the troops of Hanover,
 And swore they were rascals whoever went over :
 That no man was honest who gave them a vote,
 And all that were for 'em shou'd hang by the throat.

Derry down, &c.

He always affected to make the house ring
 'Gainst Hanover troops and a Hanover k—g :
 He applauded the way to keep Englishmen free,
 By digging Hanover quite into the sea.

Derry down, &c.

By flaming so loudly he got him a name,
 Tho' many believ'd it would cost him a shame :
 But nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
An unfeeling heart, and a front unembarass'd.

Derry down, &c

When from an old woman, by standing his ground,
 He had got the possession of ten thousand pound,
 He said he car'd not what others might call him,
 He wou'd shew himself now the true son of Sir Balaam

Derry down, &c.

Poor Harry, whom erst he had dirtily spatter'd,
 He now crouch'd and cring'd to, commended and
 flatter'd;

Since honest men here were asham'd of his face,
 That in Ireland at least he might get him a place.

Derry down, &c.

But Harry resentful first bid him be hush,
 Then proclaim'd it aloud that he never cou'd blush;
 Recant his invectives, and then in a trice
 He wou'd shew the best title to an Irish VICE.

Derry down, &c.

Young Balaam ne'er boggl'd, but turn'd his coat,
 Determin'd to share in whate'er cou'd be got
 Said, I scorn all those who cry impudent fellow,
 As my front is of brass, I'll be painted in yellow.

Derry down, &c.

Since yellow's the colour that best suits his face,
 And Balaam aspires at an eminent place,
 May he soon at Cheapside stand fix'd by the legs,
 His front well adorn'd, all daub'd o'er with eggs.

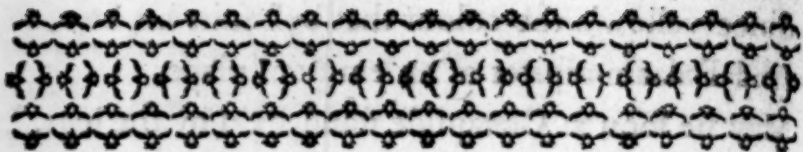
Derry down, &c.

Whilst Balaam was poor, he was full of renown:
 But now that he's rich, he's the jest of the town;
 Then let all men learn by his foul disgrace,
 That honesty's better by far than a place.

Derry down. &c.



SHORT



SHORT VERSES,

In Imitation of long Verses:

In an Epistle to W——M P—TT, Esq.

Naughty, paughty, Jack-a-dandy. Namby Pamby

Sic parvis componere magna solebam.

VIRG

SINCE one hath writ,
To thee, O P-tt!

Whom none can know,

If friend or foe;

Deign to smile on,

Lank Ly--tl--on:

For tho' his lays,

May squint two ways;

They're meant for praise.

}

Sir Bob to hang,
Thou didst harangue,
While he in joke,
The cornet broke.

But Hal now flatter'd,
 Then whipp'd, then spatter'd,
 With fear full fraught,
 Thy favour bought:
 The patriot ends,
 And ye are friends,
 Like Cæsar He,
 As Tully was, to Thee.

As when much tir'd,
 In roads bemir'd,
 Men see by night
 A fairy-light,
 Which they pursue
 With eager view;
 In hope to win
 A friendly inn;
 But by mistake,
 In some foul lake
 Surpriz'd they're flung
 Of mud or dung,
 From whence the Meteor sprung.
 So far'd the crew,
 Who follow'd *you*:

Or as a maid,
 On back first laid,
 By dire mishap
 She gains a c—p:

Such was your case
 Scarce warm in place,
 Defil'd all o'er
 An errant whore,
 You chang'd your stile,
 Thou turn coat vile.

What, still refrain
 From long-fought gain?
 Still to entice
 A higher price?
 No, no, my P-tt!
 Once near being bit,
 Did not the band
 Their k—g withstand;
 And bring him low,
 As king cou'd go?
 Tho' France did threat
 The royal feat:
 Tho' rebels dire
 Spread sword and fire;
 Careless of all
 That could befall
 The crown or realm,
 They quit the helm:
 Cabal, combine,
 Revile, resign;

One, one and all,
 From London Wall,
 To P—m cock-crower of Whitehall. }

Then go my boy!
 No more be coy,
 Go force your way
 To c——rt for play!
 Nor fear for shame
 Should now reclaim;
 Courtier or patriot, thou art still the same. }

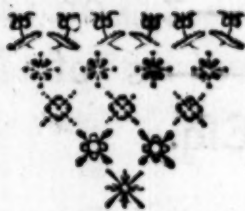
Our col'nels all
 For the loud call,
 By *all* I mean
 The great *fourteen*;
 Like thee large-soul'd,
 Despising gold,
 These never ran
 From Prestor's-Pan,
 Nor did they yield
 Base Falkirk's field;
 Far, far from both,
 To fight full loth,
 They will not go
 To lye in snow,
 Till William's blade
 Hath got thy tongue for aid.

Hibernia, smile!
 Thrice happy isle!
 On thy blest ground,
 Twelve thousand pound,
 For Stan—pe's found;
 Three thousand clear,
 For P—tt, a year,
 So shalt thou thrive,
 Industrious hive;
 While these and more
 Increase thy store.
 Thrice happy land!
 Reserv'd to pay Britannia's patriot band.

Sunk in the West,
 As in the East;
 For all allow
 Thou art sunk now;
 Yet soon, when near
 The royal ear,
 Thou with such things
 Shall sooth our k—gs,
 As gain'd huzzas,
 Of loud applause,
 From Syd—am glad,
 And C—w mad;
 Then shall of war
 The Dutch declare.

Then we the Rufs
Shall meet and bufs.
Then, then fhall France
Fall in a trance.
Then, then fhall Spain
Yield to thy ftrain.
None from that hour,
Shall envy power,
In high degree
Of Majefty,
When P-tt a minifter fhall be.

}





A N

O D E,

To the Honourable

H——y F——x, on the Marriage
of the Du——s of M——R to
H—s—y, Esq.

CLIO, behold this charming day,
The zephyrs blow, the sun looks gay,
The sky one perfect blue;
Can you refuse at such a time,
When F—x and I both beg for rhyme,
To sing us something new?

The goddess smil'd, and thus begun:

I've got a pleasing theme, my son,

I'll sing the conquer'd D——s;

I'll sing of that disdainful fair,

Who, 'scap'd from Scotch and English snare,

Is fast in Irish clutches.

Sunk is her pow'r, her sway is o'er,

She'll be no more ador'd, no more

Shine forth the public care:

Oh! what a falling off is here,

From her whose frowns made wisdom fear,

Whose scorn begot despair!

Wide was the extent of her commands,

O'er fertile fields, o'er barren lands

She stretch'd her haughty reign:

The coxcomb, fool, and man of sense,

Youth, manhood, age, and impotence

With pride receiv'd her chain.

Here L—c—t—r offer'd brutal love,

Here gentle C—b—r—y gently strove

With sighs to fan desire;

Here Ch——l snor'd his hours away,

Here drowsy S—n—pe every day

Sat out her Gr——'s fire.

Here constant B—t—n too we saw
 Kneeling with reverential awe,
 T'adore his high flown choice;
 Where you my F—x have sigh'd whole days,
 Forgetting king's and peoples' praise,
 Deaf to ambition's voice.—

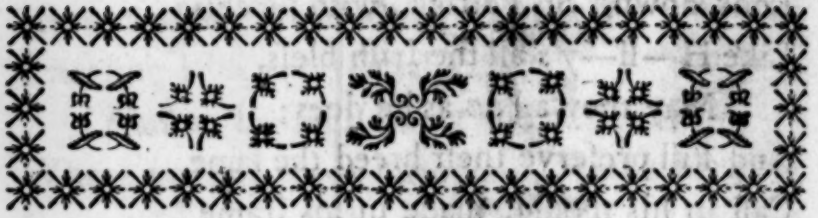
What cloaths you made ! how fine you dress !
 What Dresden China for her feast !
 But I'll no longer tease you ;
 Yet 'tis a truth you can't deny,
 Tho' lady C—r—l—e is nigh,
 And does not look quite easy.

But careful heaven design'd her grace
 For one of the Milesian race,
 On stronger parts depending ;
 Nature indeed denies them sense,
 But gives them legs and impudence,
 That beats all understanding.

Which to accomplish, H—ff—y came,
 Op'ning before the noble dame
 His honourable trenches ;
 Nor of rebukes or frowns afraid,
 He push'd his way (he knew his trade,)
 And won the place by inches.

Look down, St. Patrick, with success,
Like H—ff—y's all the Irish blefs,
 May they all do as he does;
And still preserve their breed the same,
Cast in his mould, made in his frame,
 To comfort English widows.





A N

O D E,

ADDRESSED TO

The Author of the Conquer'd Duchefs.

In Answer to that celebrated Performance.

WHAT clamour's here about a dame
Who, for her pleasure, barter fame!

As if 'twere strange or new,
That ladies should themselves disgrace,
Or one of the Milesian race
A widow shou'd pursue.

She's better sure than Scudamore,
 Who, while a Duchefs, play'd the whore,
 As all the world has heard :
 Wifer than lady Harriet too,
 Whose foolish match made fuch a do,
 And ruin'd her and Beard.

Yet ſhe is gay as lady Vane,
 Who, ſhould ſhe liſt her am'rous train,
 Might fairly man a fleet ;
 Sprightly as Orford's counteſs, ſhe,
 And as the wanton Townſhend free,
 And more than both, diſcreet.

For ſhe had patience firſt to wed
 Before ſhe took, the man to bed ;
 And can you ſay that's bad ?
 Like Diomedes, your arrows roves :
 Like him you wound the Queen of Love,
 And may like him run mad.

There was, Sir Knight, there was a time,
 If you invok'd your muſe for rhyme,
 That all the world ſtood gazing ;
 You ſung us then of folks that fold,
 Themſelves and country too for gold,
 Or ſomething as amazing :

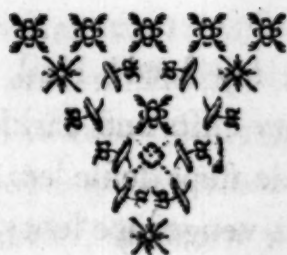
How S—ds, in sense, and person queer,
Jump'd from a patriot to a peer,
 No mortal yet knows why ;
How Pulteney truck'd the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
 To call his vixen by.

How Compton rose, when Walpole fell,
'Twas you, and only you could tell,
 And all the scene disclos'd :
How Vane and Rushout, Bathurst, Gower,
Were curs'd and stigmatiz'd by power,
 And rais'd to be expos'd.

To heights like these your muse should fly,
To others leave the middle sky,
 Whose wings are weak and flaggy :
Leave these to some young Foppington,
Who takes your leavings, Woffington,
 And tunes his odes to peggy.

For you, who know the sex so well,
Must own that women most excell
 When ruling, or when rul'd.
While young they others lead astray ;
When old, they ev'ry call obey,
 Still fooling, or befool'd.

Scheme upon scheme must still succeed,
 They every coxcomb's tale must heed,
 Until their brains grow muzzy;
 And then by one false step 'tis seen,
 How slight the diff'rence is between
 The Duchefs and the *Huffey*.





H——y to Sir C. H. W.

STOP, stop, my steed! Hail, Cambria hail,
With craggy cliffs and darksome vale,
May no rude steps defile 'em!
Your poet with a vengeance sent
From London post, is hither bent,
To find a safe asylum.

Bar, bar the doors, exclude e'en fear
Who prest upon my horse's rear,
And made the fleet still fleeter;
There shall my hurry'd soul repose,
And, undisturb'd by Irish prose,
Renew my lyric metre.

Thus Flaccus at Philippi field,
Behind him left his little shield,
And sculk'd in Sabine cavern :
Had I not wrote that cursed ode,
My coward heart I ne'er had shew'd,
The jest of ev'ry tavern.

Ye guardians of Mercurial men,
I boast from you my sprightly pen,
I rhyme by your direction :
Why did you partial gifts impart ?
You gave a head, but gave no heart,
No heart, for head's protection.

Hence 'tis my wit outruns my strength,
And scans each inch of Hufley's length,
His length of sword forgetting ;
Hence angry boys my rhyme provoke,
I ne'er (too serious proves the joke)
Can think on't without sweating.

What the * Lieutenant once deny'd
My inauspicious wit supply'd,
And forc'd me into action ;
To me as to this scribe indite,
Hibernia's sons—I cannot write
To give them satisfaction.

* Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Fool, could I sing for other's sport,
The taking of the duchefs' fort,
And which the way to win her :
I, undisturb'd, my town enjoy'd,
Then (Nero-like) with fire destroy'd,
In springing mines within her.

Oh! had I sung sweet roundelay,
Great George's birth, or new-year's day,
As innocent as Colley,
Your other Pope (oh! hear, ye nine)
He'd gladly all his odes resign,
And screen himself in folly.

Ah! since my fear has forc'd me hither,
I feel no more that sweet blue weather,
The muses most delight in :
Dark, and more dark, each cloud impends,
And ev'ry message from my friends,
Conveys sad hints of fighting.

To harmless themes I'll tune my read;
Listen, ye lambkins, whilst ye feed,
Ye shepherds, nymphs and fountains :
Ye bees, with soporiferous hums,
Ye pendent goats, if Hussey comes,
Convey me to your mountains.

There may I sing secure, nor fear
 Shall pull the songster by the ear,
 T' advise me whilst I'm writing:
 Or, if my satire will burst forth,
 I'll lampoon parsons in my wrath,
 Their cloth forbids them fighting.

Whene'er I think, can Williams brook
 To sculk beneath this lonely nook,
 And tamely bear what few will?
 H—r—t like Priam's son appears,
 Cries, as he shakes his bloody ears,
 Beware of Irish Duel.

I flutter like Macbeth; arise
 Strange scenes, and swim before my eyes,
 Swords, pistols, bloody—shocking!
 Whole crowds of Irish cross my view,
 I feel th' involuntary dew,
 Run trickling down my stocking.

Sure sign how all's within, I trow;
 C——l once forc'd such streams to flow,
 So dreadful he to meet is;
 Should gentle Cornbury, Leicester, Bath,
 Or drowsy Stanhope wake in wrath,
 'Twould cause a diabetes.

Oh Patrick, courage-giving saint,
 Reverse my prayer thou late didst grant,
 Or I'm for ever undone!
 Rust all their pistols, break their swords,
 And if they'll fight it out in words,
 I'll come again to London.



HORACE



HORACE, Lib. I. Ode XXX.

Paraphrased by Sir C. H. W.

General CHURCHILL's

ADDRESS TO VENUS.

O VENUS, joy of men, and gods,
Forfake awhile thy blest abodes,
And deign to visit my land :
On thy fond vot'ry kindly smile,
Quit Paphos, and the Cyprian isle,
To reign in my dear island.

H

Thee, goddess, thee, my pray'rs invoke;
 To thee alone my altars smoke;
 O treat me not with rigor:
 Thy wanton son bring with thee too,
 My dying embers he'll renew,
 And give me back my vigor.

Bring too the graces to my arms,
 Girls that are prodigal of charms,
 Of every favor lavish:
 Melting and yielding let them be;
 Consider I am sixty-three,
 And that's too old to ravish.

Let florid youth attend thy train;
 Much wanted by thy crazy swain;
 And gentle Venus prithee,
 To crown my gifts, and ease my pain,
 Since Ward has labour'd long in vain
 Let Mercury come with thee.





T A R - W A T E R,
A B A L L A D,

Inscribed to the Right Honorable

PHILIP Earl of Chesterfield.

SINCE good Master Prior,
The Tar-water 'squire,
Without being counted to blame,
Vulgar patrons hath scorn'd,
And his treatise adorn'd
With the lustre of Chesterfield's name.

Great Mecænas of arts!
And all men of parts,
(Tho' they're not much the growth of the time)
I hope 'twill be meet
To lay at your feet
The same lofty subject in rhyme.

Then come, let us sing!
 Death, a fig for thy sting!
 I think we shall serve thee a trick
 For the bishop of Cloyne
 Has at last laid a mine,
 That will blow up both thee and old Nick.

Have but faith in his treatise,
 Tho' you've stone, diabetes,
 Gout, or fever, tar-water's specifick;
 If your costive, 'twill work;
 If you purge 'tis a cork;
 And, if old, it will make you prolifick.

All ye fair ones, who lie sick,
 Leave off doctors and physick,
 Tar-water will cure all your ails;
 Have you rheums or defluitions,
 Or whims, or obstructions,
 It will set right your heads and your tails,

See, each tall slender maid
 Now lifts up her head,
 Like a beautiful fir on the mountain!
 While salubrious flow,
 From a fissure below,
 The streams of a turpentine * fountain.

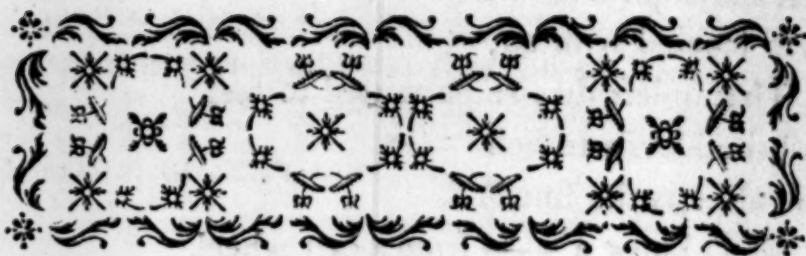
* Turpentine the principal ingredient of Tar, is thus extracted from the fir-tree.

Each Nymph from afar,
 Is so scented with tar,
 That unless they're permitted to feel,
 All the Devils in hell
 (So alike is the smell)
 Can't know a — from a cart wheel.

Great physician of state!
 (Tho' call'd in so late
 To a truly well-ment consultation)
 In this fever of war,
 Like the spirit of tar,
 Thy skill must preserve this poor nation.

Tho' now quite exhausted,
 Her vitals all wasted,
 She's as meagre, and weak as a lath;
 Yet we hope that thy art
 Will recover each part,
 Without the assistance of BATH.





O N

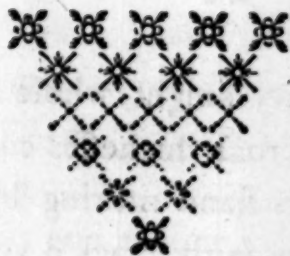
CH———S S———PE, Esq;

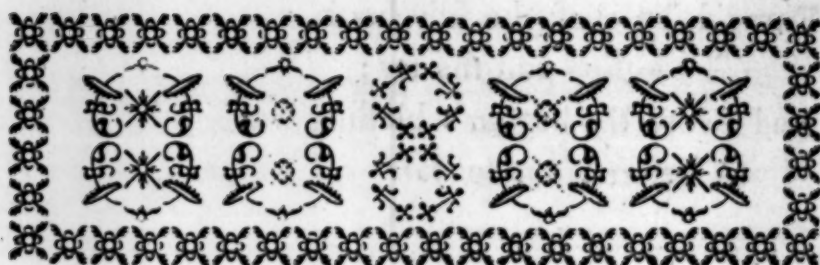
Drinking T A R - W A T E R.

W H E N Charles by rule episcopal
Tar-Water first began;
Methinks, he cry'd, I feel myself
Become a double man.

Its prowess then resolv'd to try,
But oh! with shame and trouble,
He found of all his boasted parts,
One thing alone was double.

Enrag'd, he curst the filly book,
The bishop and the tar ;
And swore the beggar's blessing was
A better boon by far.





A N

O D E

T O

Sir C—— H—— W——s.

DE A R merry knight, whose sportive vein
Makes am'rous duchesses complain,
While peers stand titt'ring by :
Now since you've fairly crack'd your jest,
And Pegasus retires to rest,
Permit me to reply,

And trust me, Charles, no real muse
Such groveling pertness e'er could use,
To help a lame invention :
Virgins are always something shy,
And language that charms H—b—y,
Their lips disdain to mention.

But since you've found this easier road
To furnish out a wanton ode,

I'll readily submit;

Where Drury's dames the lays inspire,
Smut shall be stil'd poetic fire,

And bawdry shine for wit.

Besides these nymphs are ready still
Your every pleasure to fulfil,

And ne'er with coynefs tease ye:

But thy Apollo's tuneful train
Are skittish, fanciful, and vain,

And oft refuse to ease ye.

Prudent thy deed then, gentle knight,
Such squeamish goddesses to flight.

Since N—d—m's serve as well:

Their inspirations raise the song,

As loud, as lofty, and as long,

As thy own odes can tell.

How sweet thy strains on Master Prior,
Of Dublin town, tar-water 'squire,

When pleas'd thy verse reveals

Each female fissure from below,

Whence the fragrant steams abundant flow,

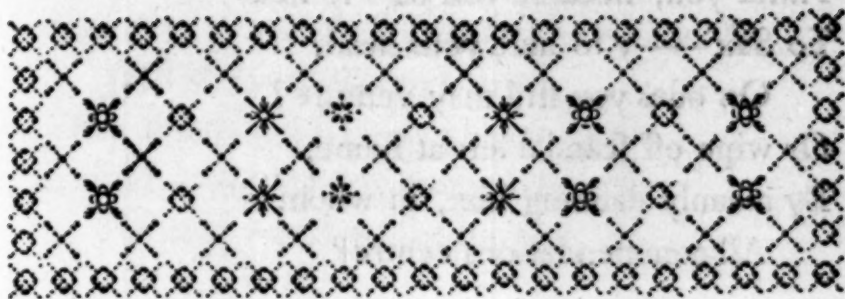
Resembling carmen's wheels!

Equal thine odes, courageous knight,
Where the fair duchefs feels thy spite,
For yielding to be blefs'd :
How keen thy pointed satire shines !
While virtue swells the flowing lines ;
In native beauty dress'd.

Hence then, Apollo, with your skill,
Your nine, your fountain, and your hill,
And learn your future distance :
Without such aids our verses flow,
As Charles's strains and these may show,
If N—d—m deigns assistance.

But Hussey, frowning, shakes his cane,
And Charles flies trembling o'er the main,
At Berlin long to tarry :
Oh GEORGE, if pertness have the power
To make Him rise ambassadour,
Let Me be secretary !





A N

O D E

T O

Sir C—— H—— W——s.

Occasioned by seeing an ODE inscribed to
L——d C———D.

WHO's this? what! H——y the lyric?
Changing his notes to panegyrick,
In fearful dread of fighting?
But 'tis in vain; for H——y swears,
If † Cynthius won't, he'll lug your ears,
And make you leave off writing.

† *Cynthius aurem vellit & admonuit.*

Think you, because you ba—ly fled
 To Sax——y to hide your head,
 On odes you still may venture?
 Or wipe off scandal left at home,
 By meanly daubing him, in whom
 All commendations centre?

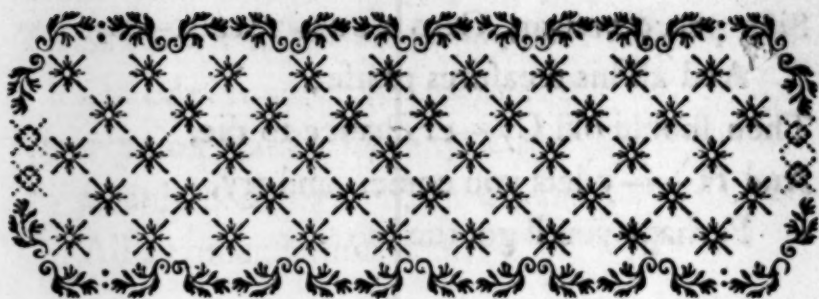
No; St——pe chuses thy abuse,
 Detesting such a filthy muse,
 Whose very praise is satire;
 For well he knows the worthless k——t is
 Just such another as Therfites,
 For bulk, abuse, and stature,

If charg'd with courage man should be,
 (Like powder in artillery,
 Proportion'd to the barrel)
 Can't thou, a blunderbuss so large,
 With scarce a pocket-pistol's charge,
 Presume to bounce or quarrel?

Then quit these dangerous trifling lays,
 With low abuse, or empty praise,
 'Tis nonsense all and folly;
 Or if you will be writing odes,
 Which ev'ry mortal here explodes,
 Write birth-day odes for Colley.

There may you stretch poetic wing,
Sing peace or war, GOD BLESS THE K—G,
And all his measures praise;
Then should old Cy—er chance to die,
And H——y lets you come, and try,
Perhaps you'll get the bays.





O D E

T O

L——d L——N.

I.

O Linc-In! joy of womankind,
To you this humble ode's design'd;
Let —— inspire my song:
Gods! with what pow'rs are you endu'd,
Tiberius was not half so lewd,
Nor Hercules so strong.

II.

'Tis — now my pen employs,
And since I sing of heav'nly joys,
From heav'n my notes I'll bring:
And tho' the lyric strain I chuse,
I'll open like the Mantuan muse
—, and the man I sing.

III.

But don't expect much flattery
From such an honest bard as me,
Dear, noble, vig'rous youth;
For when I say that you — more
Than ever mortal did before,
You know I say the truth.

IV.

Four times a night, some happy fair,
You — throughout the gliding year,
This course of joy pursuing;
Of feats like these what annals speak,
'Tis eight and twenty times a week,
And, Faith! that's glorious doing.

V.

Had Meffalina — with you,
Whom no man could e'er subdue,
Tho' many a Roman tried;
She'd own'd your vigor and your charms
And melting, dying in your arms,
Cry'd out — *I'm satisfied!*

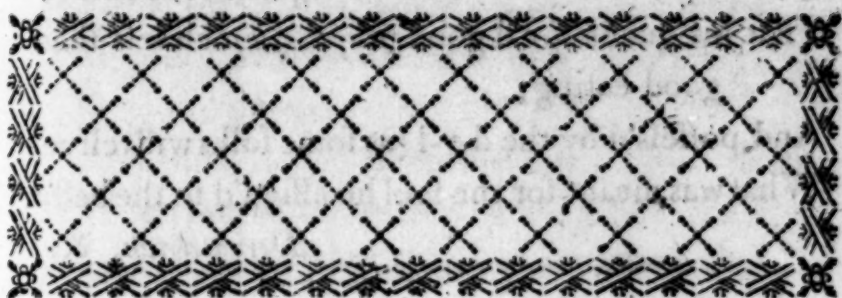
VI.

Then still love on with loosen'd reins,
 While youth is boiling in your veins,
 And sparkles in your face;
 With whores be lewd, with whigs be hearty,
 And both in —, and in party,
 Confess your noble race.

VII.

To you and steady Pelham then,
 With joy I'll dedicate my pen,
 For both shall be my theme;
 Since both divided England share,
 You have the love of every fair,
 He every man's esteem,





A

New BALLAD.

On Lord D--n--l's altering his
Chapel at G--e into a Kitchen.

BY Ovid, 'mongst many more wonders we're
told,

What chanc'd to Philimon and Baucis of old,
How a cot to a temple was conjur'd by Jove;
So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at G——e.

Derry down, &c.

The lord of the mansion most rightly conceiting,
That his guests lov'd good prayers, much less than
good eating;

And possess'd by the d-v-l (as some folks will tell ye)
What was meant for the soul he assign'd to the belly.

Derry down, &c.

The word was scarce given, but down dropt the
clock,

And strait was seen fix'd in the form of a jack;
'Tis shameful to say, pulpet, benches and pews,
Form'd cupboards and shelves for plates, sauce-
pans and stews.

Derry down, &c.

Pray'r books turn'd into platters; nor think it a
fable,

And dressers sprung out of the c-mm---n table;
Which instead of the usual repast, b—d and w—e;
Is stor'd with rich soup, and good English firloin.

Derry down, &c.

No fires, but what pure devotion could raise,
Till now had been known in this temple to blaze!
But, good Lord, how the neighbours around did
admire,

When the chimney rose up in the room of a spire!

Derry down, &c.

For a Jew many people the master mistook,
 Whose Levites were scullions, whose high priest
 a cook;

And thought that he meant our religion to alter,
 When they saw the burnt-offerings smoak at the altar.

Derry down, &c.

The bells solemn sound which was heard far and
 near,

And oft rous'd the chaplin unwilling to pray'r;
 No more to good sermons now summon the sinner
 But blasphemous rings the country to dinner.

Derry down, &c.

When my good lord the b——p had heard the
 strange story,

How the place was prophan'd, that was built to
 G—d's glory;

With zeal he cry'd out, "oh, how impious the deed,
 To cram christians with pudding instead of the creed."

Derry down, &c.

Then away to the G--e hy'd the church's protector,
 Resolving to read his lay-brother a lecture;

But scarce had begun, when he saw plac'd before'em,
 An haunch piping hot from the *sanctum sanctorum*.

Derry down, &c.

Troth, quoth he, I find no great sin in the plan,
What's uselefs to God, to make useful to man ;
Besides it is a true christian duty we read,
The poor and the hungry with good things to
feed.

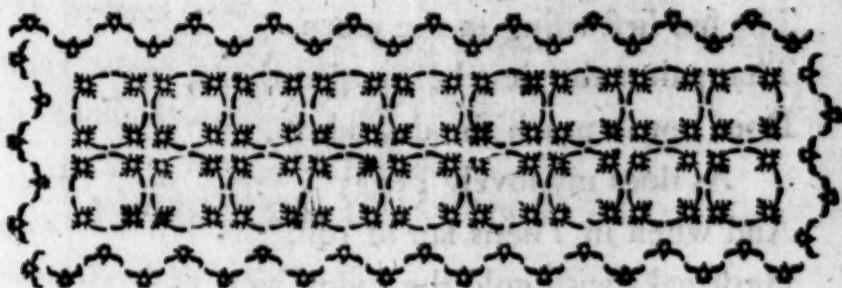
Derry down, &c.

Then again on the walls he bestow'd consecration,
But reserv'd the full right of a free visitation ;
Thus 'tis the lord's house, only varied the treat,
Now there's meat without grace, where was grace
without meat.

Derry down, &c.



Lovely



Lovely P E G G Y.

A New S O N G.

I.

ONCE more I'll tune my vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for lovely Peggy.
Ye greater bards the lyre should hit,
For say what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit,
And bloom of lovely Peggy,

II.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.
And when in Thetis lap of rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous, as undress'd
Appears my lovely Peggy.

III.

Were she array'd in rustick weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight,
But when she's gone it's endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

IV.

The zephyr's air, the violet blows,
Or breaths upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose,
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May,
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

V.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,

So long shall I love Peggy.

And when death with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
 My words shall be when I depart,
 Adieu my lovely Peggy.





T O

Mrs. B I N D O N,

At B A T H.

By the Honourable Sir C. H. WILLIAMS.

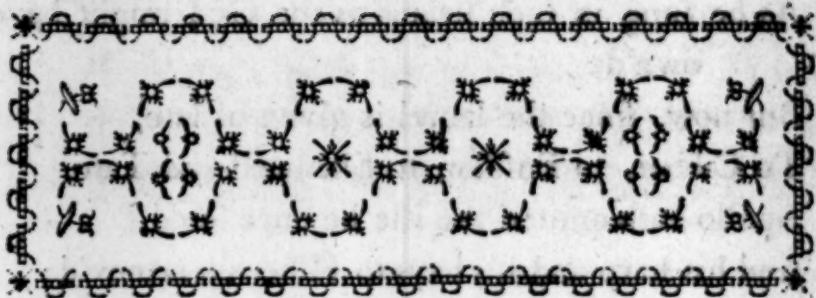
A POLLO of old on Britannia did smile,
And Delphi forfook for the sake of this isle,
Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
And in every wilderness planted his bays;
Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious were heard,
Then Shakespear, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,

And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
As he sung in such strains as the God might have
own'd :

But now, since the laurel is given of late,
To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell and Tate,
Apollo hath quitted the isle he once lov'd,
And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd;
He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
And hath put out Pope's fires which he kindled
before ;

And further he says, men no longer shall boast
A science their slight and ill treatment hath lost;
But that women alone for the future shall write;
And who can resist, when they doubly delight?
And lest we should doubt what he said to be true,
Has begun by inspiring Saphira and You.





Mrs. *BINDON*'s ANSWER.

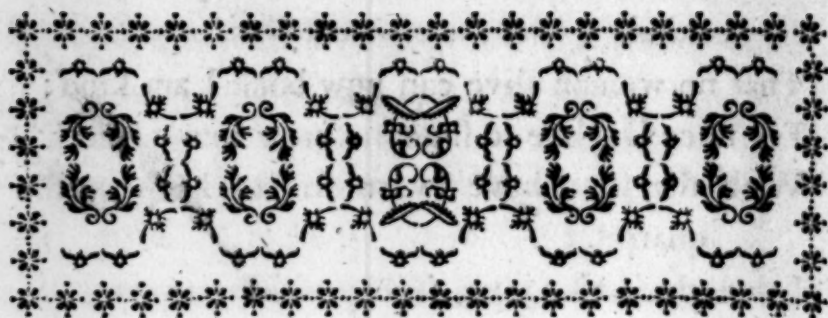
WHEN home I return'd from the dancing
 last night,
 And elate by your praises attempted to write,
 I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
 And told him how many fine things you had said;
 He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
 Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you
 shew;
 And then, says the God, still to make you more
 vain,
 He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain,

When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his
mind,

That no woman alive can now boast I am kind:
For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the
quarrel.

I thought it all a joke, 'till by writing to you,
I have prov'd his resentment, alas! but too true.





Sir *CHARLE*'S REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phœbus did not smile,
 Unhappily for you I know his stile;
 To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
 And while he dictated Orinda sung.
 Did beauteous Daphne's scorn of proffer'd love
 Against the sex his indignation move?
 It rather made you his peculiar care,
 Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.

As mortals who from dust receiv'd their birth,
 Must when they die return to native earth;
 So to the laurel, that your brow adorns,
 Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.





A N
O D E
T O T H E
Honourable PHILIP Y--KE, Esq.

Imitated from HORACE, Ode XVI. Book II.

FOR quiet, Y——ke the sailor cries,
When gathering storms obscure the skies;
The stars no more appearing:
The candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas,
Of blest electioneering.

Who thinks that from the Sp—k—r's chair
The sergeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wond'rously mistaken.
Alas! he is not half so blest,
As those who've liberty and rest,
And dine on beans and bacon.

Why should we then to London run,
And quit our chearful country fun,

For bus'ness, dirt and smoak?

Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourselves get rid of, or our care?

In troth, 'tis all a joke,

Care climbs proud ships of might'est force,
And mounts behind the gen'ral's horse,

Outstrips Hussars and Pandours:

Far swifter than the flying hind,

Swifter than clouds before the wind,

Or C—PE before th' Highlanders.

A man; when once he's safely chose,
Should laugh at all his threat'ning foes,

Nor think of future evil.

Each good has its attendant ill;

A feat is no bad thing—but still

Elections are the devil.

Its gifts, with hand impartial, heaven
Divides—To Orford it was given,

To die in full-blown glory;

To B—th, indeed, a longer life,

But tho' he lives—'tis with his wife,

And shun'd by whig and tory.

The Gods to you with bounteous hand;
 Have granted seats, and parks and land;
 Brocades and silk you wear;
 With claret and ragoûts you treat;
 Six neighing steeds with nimble feet,
 Whirl on your gilded car.

To me they've given a small retreat,
 Good port, and mutton (best of meat)
 With broad cloth on my shoulders;
 A soul that scorns a dirty job,
 Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob;
 I mean that an't freeholders.





A

Congratulatory O D E,

MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED TO THE

STATESMAN on his TRAVELS.

By JOHSUA JINGLE, Esq;
Poet-Laureat to the *Pelemites*, *Selemites*, and other
great Personages.

Si proceres peccant, ———

Exemplo et sceleri pœni paranda duplex.

OLD England mourns her past disgrace.
Sad fate of her unhappy race,
By gibbets, goals and axes;
Th' inglorious slaughter war has made,
Her rising debts, her sinking trade,
Her places, pensions, taxes.

K

Cross'd with such cares, press'd with such pains,
 What wonder if she thus complains,
 Tells thus her dismal story;
 In hopes some wise, some patriot chief,
 Some Statesman born for her relief,
 Might yet retrieve her glory?

But Holly of her C——ll's head,
 Having o'ercome his water-dread,
 Thro' foreign realms is running;
 Some strangers stare to see his plate,
 More smile at his projected pate,
 Pate unaccus'd of cunning.

Possess'd of posts and power at home,
 Oh! why should mighty Holly roam,
 And leave O-d Eng—d weeping?
 'Twas—Truth to say—because afraid,
 Had others gone, or had he staid,
 He was not sure of keeping.

This slip'ry tenure calls him forth,
 At more expence then quell'd the north,
 So late in life to travel;
 At mighty feasts, of mighty things,
 With princes set, expecting kings,
 To talk—and plots unravel.

Not Gallic plots, for Gallia now
 As Holly thinks is forc'd to bow
 By his superior knowledge;
 Alas! in politics how mad!
 And yet no blockhead when a lad,
 At W—— or college.

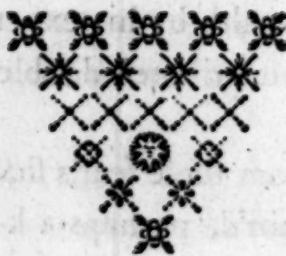
For these high meals his foreign praise,
 What mighty fums did some folks raise,
 And what is more amazing,
 My l—— too as well as he,
 Must go in triumph over sea:
 To set the world a gazing.

Happy if their own private store,
 Acquir'd by wiser folks before,
 These projects only troubled;
 But ours, they'll measure by his sense,
 Compute our wealth by his expence,
 And then our tribute's doubled.

New treaties from these feasts shall spring,
 New Princes gain'd, perhaps a k——
 More schemes for Europe's quiet;
 Hence daily new demands may rise,
 New quotas, loans, and subsidies,
 Sharpe fauce to G——n diet.

Thus the young 'squire his wealth bestows
 Of home-spun feasts and tawdry cloaths,
 On horses, hounds and harlot;
 Until mamma to mend his taste
 Sends him to cross the Alps in haste
 With some bear-leading varlet.

Thus tutor'd, Numps grows worse and worse,
 False taste acquires, what greater curse!
 Brings home a race of vipers;
 And on his new refinements bent,
 In twice five Years th' estate is spent,
 On panders, pimps, and pipers.



A D D E N D A.

An EPITAPH on the late Right Hon.

THOMAS WINNINGTON, Esq; By Sir
CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

N E A R his paternal seat, here buried lies,
The grave, the gay, the witty, and the
wife.

Form'd for all parts, in all alike he shin'd,
Variouſly great! a genius unconfin'd!

In conſerſe bright, judicious in debate,
In private amiable, and in public great:

With all the ſtateſman's knowledge, prudence,
art,

With friendſhip's open, undeſigning heart.

The friend and heir here join their duty: One
Ereſts the buſto, one inſcribes the ſtone.

Not that they hope from theſe his ſame ſhould
live,

That claims a longer date than they can give;
False to their truſts, the mould'ring buſts decay,
And, ſoon effac'd, inſcriptions wear away:
But Engliſh annals ſhall their place ſupply;
And, while they live, his name can never die.

A D B E N A

AN EPIGRAM ON THE RIGHT HON.
THOMAS WINNINGTON, ESQ.
CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

NEAR his paternal seat, here buried lies
The grave, the grave, the wife, and the
wife.

For all that's in all like the world,
Virtuously great, a genius unconfined,
In converse bright, judicious in debate,
In private amiable, and in public great;
With all the statesman's knowledge, prudence,

and
With friendship's open, undesigning heart,
The friend and partner in their duty: O
Facts the public, and interests the home,
Not that they were from them his name should
live.

That claims a longer date than they can give;
Falls to their rights, the mounting hills decay,
And, soon effaced, inscriptions wear away;
For English states shall their place supply;
And, while they live, his name can never die.